



# The Corridor



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## Chapter 1 by Andrew Ton That

I finally awoke from my forced slumber to be met with pitch black. I tried to move my hands, but they seemed to be tied to something. My legs were coated in some sort of thick, warm liquid, while my arms seemed to be covered in a fine powder.

A while afterwards, I noticed a small light coming closer and closer, accompanied with irregular footsteps. One footstep seemed to sound more solid than the other. When the light came closer, I could see that I was in a dark corridor, chained to a wall. There was another man chained next to me, but his skin was cold when I felt him with my leg. The other figure carrying a light was much closer now, and I can see that his bloodshot eyes reflected the madness and anger in his soul.

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